

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE BEST WAY.

Old Bruin was taking a walk one day. Just for his health, you know. He strolled along in a careless way. Whenever he chanced to go. The forest paths were green and cool. His mind from care was free; His children were safe at the infant-school. And his wife was getting tea.

They had come from the field of a farmer near. And honey his bees had made; Yet with all his thriving he'd never a fear. Nor a thought of the plan that was laid. And so, when he came to a curious box He put in his foot for fun— And the last thing he knew was some terrible knocks And the flash of the farmer's gun.

Now, children, believe me, you'd better take care. If you're naughty and sly, don't forget That you never can tell just when or just where The trap that will catch you is set. You'll put your foot in it some day, without doubt; So I pray you take heed to my rhyme. And remember the very best way to "look out" Is just to be good all the time. —Watchman.

DROPPED STITCHES.

A Difficult Matter to Take Them Up Again So That They Will Not Show.

Grandma Grayson sat by the library fire knitting. Little Tessa crept close to her side to watch the ever-new, ever-old process. She loved to watch grandma's nimble fingers.

"What are you doing, grandma, making all those funny-looking long slits in your work?"

"I'm knitting what we call railroad stitch, dear—don't you see? When I reach the last row I drop some stitches. I drop two, then knit five, drop two more, then knit five, and so on. See? Then, when I drop stitches have all 'run down,' as we call it, it leaves those long loose stitches you think so funny."

Tessa gazed intently. Presently, she heard Bobby's whistle in the hall. Bobby was Tessa's "big" brother, though but twelve years old, because Tessa was only six. She was devoted to him, and always wanted him to know all she knew. So now she called: "Come here, Bobby, and see grandma drop stitches, and let 'em run down."

Bobby, too, watched the process with great interest for a few moments. "Grandma," said Tessa, directly, "I thought it spoiled work to drop stitches?"

"So it does, dear, ordinarily. I'll show you how to take them up when you drop them accidentally."

"Well," said Bobby, "I guess I'll go on and get my boat. Boys don't drop stitches, so they don't have to know how to pick 'em up," and he prepared to turn away to take up his whistling where he had left off.

"Are you quite sure, Bobby?" asked Grandma Grayson, in a tone that made Bobby pause. "When Grandma spoke in that way, Bobby was quite sure she 'meant something.'"

"Right sure of what, grandma?"

"Right sure that boys don't drop stitches, and try to pick them up occasionally."

"Why—yes," in a hesitating way. "At least, I think I am. I don't know just what you mean. Boys don't knit—leastwise, most boys don't—but you kind of look as if you meant something else."

Grandma smiled at the disconcerted, uncertain way in which Bobby spoke; but as she knew what he meant, it was all right.

"I do mean something else. There are more ways of dropping stitches than one, Bobby; and let me tell you when any one drops a stitch accidentally it is one of the hardest matters in the world to take it up so that it does not show. We may go back and try over, and repair the wrong; but the long fine line that shows the path where we have been wrong always remains where we can see it, if no one else knows it." A light began to dawn on Bobby's face.

"For instance, grandma?" he questioned.

"Well, for instance. I know of a boy who spoke hastily and disrespectfully to his mother this morning, because she wanted him to do a perfectly proper thing when he wanted to do another. To be sure, that boy very seldom does such a thing, but he did it. Ah! Bobby, that boy dropped a big stitch then. To be sure, he stopped it, and took it up, and repented and apologized, and his mother forgave him; and no one would ever know he had done the wrong but his mother and himself; but they will always be able to tell where the stitch was dropped and taken up again."

Bobby flushed crimson, and his lip trembled.

"And I know a little boy who thoughtlessly left a litter of chips on the front door-step at four o'clock in the afternoon, after promising he would clear it away. To be sure, he did clear it away at five; but it was after his mother had been grieved at his thoughtless disobedience, and after his mother's visitors had received the impression that the mother must be an exceedingly careless housekeeper—when it was all the little boy's fault, after all. That stitch ran way down, and clearing the dirt up at five did not clear away the impression that the strangers got of the little boy's mother."

Bobby's lip trembled more and more, while Tessa's eyes grew big and black with sympathy.

"And I know a little girl," said grandma, apparently determined to teach a thorough lesson while she was about it, "who does not always mind when she is spoken to, and every time she does it she drops a stitch."

It was Tessa's turn to grow red.

"One of the most dreadful ways to drop a stitch is to tell a lie or steal something. One little lie told, one little stitch dropped—it is so easy for the stitch to run all the way down, as one little lie follows another. Do you know, Bobby, how many, many cases we hear of young men in banks, and other places of trust, taking thousands of dollars? Well, they don't take it all at once. They take a little first, and then the stitch runs down clear to the bottom, because they have not the courage to take it up and begin over again. Now, I'm not going to preach any more, but let me tell you one thing: If you do drop a stitch,

confess it all to mamma, and she will show you the best way to take it up and make your life whole again."

"I know what she'd say," answered Bobby.

"What, dear?"

"She'd say: 'Tell your Father in Heaven all about it, Bobby dear, then mamma will do all she can to help you to do right.' My mamma's a trumper, she is."

Grandma smiled at the boyish way of putting his appreciation of his mother's goodness, but she knew it was honest, so she closed her little sermon with a kiss, and went up-stairs for her afternoon nap, feeling that she had dropped not a stitch, but a seed in the hearts of her little hearers; and she inwardly prayed that it might flourish and bear fruit in after years. —Mrs. Emma C. Hewitt, in S. S. Times.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Two Little Girls, Two Rag Dollies and Two "Brave Indians."

Miss Arethusa and Miss Chloe were as sound asleep as ever dolls were known to get. They didn't shut their eyes, though, as perhaps your dolly does, for neither they nor their mamma had ever heard of such a thing.

It was fifty years ago that they were sleeping so soundly, and it was in a log-house away back from any city. Outside the house were big pine trees all around, and inside a stone fire-place, with a crane and kettles and bakers, and instead of chairs, wooden stools and benches.

Can you fancy it? Then perhaps you will guess why Arethusa didn't shut her eyes. She was a "rag-baby," and had been made of one of Grandma Harrison's old pillow-cases, that grandma had spun and wove herself, and she was filled with bran. Bran in her hands and feet and body, bran for brains and bran for heart; and her eyes, that wouldn't shut, but always stared straight ahead, were marked on the cloth with a coal from the big fireplace.

Do you think their little owners, Ruth and Patience, loved them as much as you love your special dolly?

Indeed they did.

Grandma Harrison had given Ruth her Arethusa when Ruth and Arethusa were nearly of a size, and never since had they been separated a single night. Ruth had grown since then, but Arethusa didn't seem to care about growing; any way, she never got any larger.

"Bee-lay, baby, bunters!" Ruth's "go-a-huntin'" sang Ruth. "I guess we might call John and Tommy their fathers, 'cause I saw 'em with a bow and arrow a little while ago, and I guess they've gone hunting squirrels."

"Sh! You'll wake up Chloe if you talk. Let's go out on the big rock, and get dinner," said Patie. "I've got a cookie, and we can get some strawberries down by the brook."

"Oh yes, let's!" And, upon, under two pink sunbonnets, two little girls left the log-house and poor Arethusa and Chloe sleeping alone on the benches.

Then, down by the brook in the clearing, after strawberries went the two sunbonnets. How still it was there! But now, down behind that big log, there is something moving. Two turkey's tail feathers and a glimpse of something blue and white appear above the log, and quickly disappear, for down behind that log are two Indians, bent on mischief. Very small and very rosy Indians they are, and one is named John and the other is Ruth's little brother, and the other is his playmate, Tommy Rogers, but they have painted their faces with clay and charcoal, and having robbed the old gobbler of his tail-feathers to stick around the hands of their ragged, rimless hats, till, altogether, they do look like two little "Injuns."

"Me heap big chief now," said John, proudly spreading grandma's striped blanket over his haughty shoulders, and sticking his bow and arrow under his belt. "Let's go up to the house and scare the girls."

"They're not there; they've gone down to the brook; I saw 'em," answered Tommy.

Up to the log-house went the two brave Indians. They stop at the table and seize the cookies. "Then into the room where the dollies were left sleeping so sweetly."

"Whoop!" yelled Tommy, catching black Chloe by one leg, "me scalp papoose!" and he pulled off the black lamb's wool from her head and waved it in the air.

"Whoop!" echoed John, pouncing on Arethusa. "I'm going to cut her throat," and he whipped out his jack-knife and drew it across her throat.

The brand began to run out. "See the blood run, Tommy! see the blood run!" said John, hopping up and down excitedly, half-frightened and half-pleased at this unexpected effect.

"Do you suppose 'twill all run out?" "Oh my! Let's try the other one and see if that'll do so."

They cut a gash across Chloe's neck and hang her head over the edge of the bench. Another stream of brand began to run on to the floor beside that which had come out of poor Arethusa's wound.

Little by little, the piles of brand on the floor grow bigger, and little by little, Arethusa and Chloe grow smaller. The two "brave Indians" stand and watch them fade, till a flash of pink sunbonnets appears out by the "big rock," then, guiltily, the "Indians" disappear under the table and pull a stool in front of them.

The happy faces under the pink sunbonnets look in the cabin-door.

"Those horrid boys!" said Patie. "O Patie!" and Ruth sat down on the floor and began to cry. "My dear Arethusa—I'll never forgive them, never!"

Two sorry little Indians crept out from under the table and begged so hard to be forgiven, and promised to get Grandma Harrison to "mend" the dollies, and looked so funny in their war-paint and feathers, that at last the girls had to laugh, and they all went out to the rock and played "Go to meeting."

This last is the funniest part, I think—years and years afterwards Ruth married Tommy; and Ruth and Tommy are my mamma and papa.—Youth's Companion.

A REMINISCENCE.

The Work of a Clever Diamond Thief on Board of a Mississippi Steamer.

In the year 1830 this writer was publishing a newspaper on the magnificent low-pressure steamer Richmond, which plied between Louisville and New Orleans. The vessel was 2,200 tons burden, nearly five hundred feet long and fitted up in truly palatial style. She had two cabins beside the "Texas," a brass band and a string band, and the expense of running the craft was enormous. Being of such grand proportions and so elegant in all her appointments, and possessed of many novelties, among them a newspaper printed on board, rich and titled people from all parts of the world were her passengers and guests, and many strange and thrilling episodes were connected with her career.

The writer is reminded of one of these by a New York letter which was published in the Omaha Herald concerning the future Duke and Duchess of Manchester, now Viscount and Lady Manchester.

In the year mentioned, at the beginning of his article the wife of a wealthy Cuban was a passenger on the Richmond, accompanied by her little daughter, a child of singular beauty, and they were going from the North, where they had been spending the summer, back to husband and father in their Southern home on the "Ever Faithful Isle."

One night during the trip when the Richmond was plowing majestically along the quiet waters of the Mississippi, in what is known as the "coast region," between Bayou Sara and New Orleans, and while a few gentlemen were yet lounging about the forward part of the main saloon, suddenly a lady in startling dress, with profuse dark hair disheveled and streaming about her neck and shoulders, burst from the door of her state-room and ran toward the gentlemen, almost shrieking: "My diamonds! my diamonds are gone!"

She was followed by her little daughter, then a child of tender years, who was crying piteously, more doubtless over her mother's distress than her loss.

The situation was soon made apparent. Some one had reached through the transom of the lady's state-room, evidently from the harbor side, and had cut the pocket from her dress, which hung behind the door, and had thus secured a great mass of beautiful and costly diamonds, worth hundreds of thousands, and more than the traditional ransom of a Prince.

Soon all were in commotion. The boat and every body on board were searched for the lost jewels, but they were never found. It was supposed that she had followed the lady for weeks and perhaps months, watching her opportunity, and finally having succeeded in obtaining the booty had left the boat at the first opportunity when she made a landing for fuel or for the discharge of freight, or he may have sprang in the water and swam ashore. At any rate he escaped, and the diamonds were lost. The lady subsequently sued the owners of the boat for the value of the jewels, and the case was tried months afterward in a Louisville court, with what results this writer is unable to state but it is probable that she never recovered any thing, as there was a safe on the vessel, kept expressly for the care of the valuables of passengers, and the lady was certainly very heedless in leaving diamonds of such quantity and value in the place from whence they were stolen, and doubtless no court would be liable to hold others responsible for such carelessness.

The commander of the Richmond and owner of a large interest in the vessel was Captain J. Stuart Neal, who is an uncle of the present Territorial Secretary of Wyoming, Hon. E. S. Morgan, from whom he gets part of his Christian name, and who is now a citizen of Indianapolis, living in a handsome home in the northern suburbs of that city.

The lady who lost the diamonds was Madame Yznaga, the mother of the present Lady Mandeville, and the little girl who cried so piteously was the present Lady Mandeville herself, the future Duchess of Manchester.—Will Vacher, in Chrysomel Mirror.

A Man Who Courted Death.

Markgraf Pallavicini, who lately lost his life by falling from the top of Grossglockner in Tyrol, appears to have been a most extraordinary sort of daredevil. He had not only climbed all the most difficult peaks in Switzerland and Scandinavia, but was also quite at home among the Himalayan giants. In making an ascent he habitually refused to take the easiest routes, and often bribed his guides by offering them twice or three times their usual fees for taking him up the most difficult route.

A fellow-tourist relates that at one time, to save an hour's walking, Pallavicini slid down the surface of a steep glacier regardless of possible crevasses. On two of his ascents the rope to which he was attached broke, and another time, near Zermatt, he rolled down a precipice several hundred meters without suffering any damage besides the loss of his suspenders. Nor did the bullets in the battle of Koniggratz or the tigers he hunted in India inflict the slightest harm on him.—N. Y. Post.

Electricity in Corea.

The King of Corea, who has recently taken to electricity, has ordered \$16,000 worth of apparatus for his palace, mostly from New York manufacturers. One of the curiosities sent from here are some large vases containing bouquets of artificial flowers mingled with flowers of colored glass, the center of each flower being a small incandescent four-candle lamp. These vases, each of which contains fourteen lamps, are intended for the King's dinner table, and cost \$75 apiece.—N. Y. Post.

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TO CANDIDATES.

Price-List of Choice Epithets Connected by Synonyms with Office-Seekers.

Candidates who expect to enter the coming campaign and wish this paper to call their names should notify us early so we can make arrangements. Please state whether you want the charge in caps, small caps or in italics. Send for our special price list for this style of abusive advertising. "Infamous liar" only ten per cent. extra.

Please remember that our facilities for referring to your candidacy as a "conspiracy against the interests of the people" that should be nipped in the bud" are unsurpassed. We challenge comparisons in this line. Orders filled the day of receipt.

We are showing something new in the way of dark hints concerning a man's record in the States. No direct charge is made but enough will be said so it is believed it will be worth several hundred votes, especially to young candidates who have not made a record in the Territory. This style is our exclusive property, and fully covered by copyright. Send for free sample.

Remember when you pay for the charge that you are dishonest in your business transactions that this will also include a letter from "Tax-payer," claiming that you were guilty of defrauding a poor widow out of her farm. This makes our price remarkably low when every thing is taken into consideration.

In this connection attention is called to our unsurpassed facilities for furnishing communications from "Tax-payer," "One who Knows Him," "Vox Populi," "Sic Semper Tyranni" and "Nux Vomica." We have a man, a graduate of a prominent Eastern veterinary college, at work on the fall's supply. Write us what you want and let us submit samples.

Notice our great mark-down sale in the line of petty abuse, such as "chief," "seconded," "politician," "carpet-bagger" and "united associate for our better class of citizens." Only fifty cents apiece. Any man who expects to be elected can afford to invest a few dollars.

During the campaign we shall make a specialty of offering to prove every thing. Proof offered on any charge for ten per cent. extra; furnished for twenty per cent. This will make things look better all round, and it is expected to win many votes.

Any candidate wishing to be abused will greatly facilitate matters by pointing out any dark places in his record. This will greatly assist us in tearing it up and giving him a boom.

Remit by draft, post-office order or by sending the money into an envelope.

We refer to several members of the last Legislature whom we helped to elect in the way advertised above.

We have a man specially engaged for candidates to jump out and pound with a club during the campaign and thus get more advertising. No objections to our patrons bring blank cartridges into the windows, and such occurrences will always be noticed in our local columns.—Estadillo (J. T.) Bell.

DUTIES OF A HOSTESS.

How She Will Succeed in Making Her Guests Contented and Happy.

Some hostesses are to the manner born, some become good ones only after long training and much experience, others by ready tact, kindness of heart and a sympathetic nature glide into their duties at once, while some others live but do not learn, and never succeed in making their houses attractive to their guests.

Putting aside large country houses, where the comfort of the guests is looked after by the housekeeper and where the three days' visit consists of much the same routine, the hostess having nothing to do with the arrangements of the house, we will take the numerous class of people who have neither very large houses nor many servants, and yet have people constantly staying with them. Under these circumstances, in the first place, to be a good hostess, she must be a good housekeeper. If she is one of those tiresome and trying people who insist upon making plans for every one, regardless of their likes and dislikes, who plainly shows her displeasure if her guests do not fall in with her plans, are disinclined to do her bidding or suggest little plans for their own amusement, their life in that house becomes a burden, the end of the visit is looked forward to with impatience, and gratitude resolves itself into a wish never to enter the place again.

On the other hand, if the hostess expects herself to find out what arrangements will please her guests, and, putting her own likes and dislikes out of the question, does all she can to fit in her plans with theirs, she will easily succeed in making every one contented and happy. A hostess will not lose her dignity or the respect of her fellow-guests by putting self aside and making herself of no importance. On the contrary, she will get attention and consideration given almost invariably, and certainly pleasantly, instead of the attention given because it is enforced, and because her friends feel their visit will be made unpleasant to them if she does not get it. The "outward sign" is not always indicative of the "inward grace" in those cases.—N. Y. Herald.

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THE DARK CONTINENT.

Important and Remarkable Discoveries Recently Made in Africa.

Dr. Wolf, the German traveler, has made the most remarkable addition to our knowledge of Africa that has been made since Stanley floated down the Congo. His discovery is the last and greatest of a series of four big surprises that in the past year and a half, since Stanley's last map